Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes* and raise an armie there,
And if yee loue me as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,
The woefulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my Noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse,
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene,
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a powre,
To bee reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his Bookes vnder his Arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Help Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euerie where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift shee comes,
Alas sweet Aunt I know not what you meane.

Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.

M. VVhat meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?

Tit. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane,

See

See *Lucius* see, how mu
Some whither would sh
A boy, *Cornelia* neuer
Red to her sonnes than
Sweet Poetrie and Tull
Canst thou not gesse wh

Puer. My Lord I kno
Vnlesse some fit or fren
For I haue heard my G
Extremitie of greeues
And I haue red that *He*
Ran mad for sorrow, th
Although my Lord I k
Loues me as deare as ere
And would not but inf
VVhich made me dow
Causeles perhaps, but p
And Maddam if my V
I will most willinglie att

Mar. Lucius I will.

Titus. How now *Lau*
Some booke there is th
VVhich is it gyrle of t
But thou art deeper read
Come and take choise o
And so beguile thy sorro
Reueale the damn'd con
VVhy lifts she vp her A

M. I thinke she mean
Confederate in the fact,
Or else to heauen, she hea

Titus. Lucius what bo

Puer. Grandsier tis O
My Mother gaue it me.

Marcus. For loue of he